
Title: On dwarves

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Over three centuries ago,
the Clans of the dwarves
were united deep beneath
Britannia's surface, in the
realm called Bazadun.
There the dwarves of old
build structures of stone
and adamant, hoards of
gold and silver for the
lords of the surface, mail
and sword of iron and
mithril. They prospered
there, in peace, until the
coming of the first
Dalrhun("Ancient Power" in
the tongue of the
dwarves).

Mondain he was called in
the tongue of men, and
he brought with him the
Gem of Immortality, which
the dwarves of Baradun
marvelled at. Brynduraz,
they called it, meaning
"glittering stone." But the
Dalrhun came not in
peace, but in a dark
crusade in his vie for
power; the elves, also,
suffered greatly at the
wizard's hand. Genocide he
attempted against Baradun
and its crafters, and
with his gem, nearly
succeeded. The fortress
of the dwarves, once
thought imperishable,
crumbled beneath the
surface, and the few
remaining clans fled and
scattered. The names of
the surviving clans are
recorded as such:

Crownsgarde, Ironhill,
Longbeard, Ironforge,
Windaxe, Wispbeard,

Starbreaker, Stonearm,
Ironhand, Tidehammer,
Flamebeard, Deep-Eye,
Rockwatcher, Grimbrow,
Oathtaker and
Shieldbreaker.

Crownsgarde, Stonearm,
and Ironhand fled far to
the east. Windaxe and
Wispbeard, to the west.

Tidehammer, the largest
of all the clans, far to
the frozen north.

Grimbrow, Ironhill and
Ironforge to the

northwest, parting ways
after nearly half a

century of travelling
together. Flamebeard,

Oathtaker and

Shieldbreaker passed

through the vast plains

and human realm of the

south, where the influence

of Mondain's growing

empire and the natural

corruption of men drove

them mad. The flight of

the Starbreaker and

Longbeard clan was lost,

but it was believed they

went but miles north, to

the vast mountain rangers

found, and dwelt there,

apart from one another.

Deep-Eye and Rockwatcher

remained long after the

destruction in their

ancient home, but warped

and changed as their loss

weighed heavy on their

mind. They delved deeper

into the earth, far below,

and became akin to the

ilythirii; grey hair and

dark skin, they would late

become the fathers of

the duergar.

Thus ended the first

recorded age of

dwarvenkind, and the Fall

of Baradun.

For a century and a half,

they remained scattered;

most falling out of

knowledge of the other.

The last stronghold of
dwarven kind, Kazathrim,
established by
Crownsгарde and inhabited
by Stonearm and Ironhand
remained the only memory
of the old ways, but a
glimmer of the former
glory of Baradun. All was
well, until a mysterious
group of invaders
attacked....

They were dwarf-like in
appearance, but warped.
Their hair was pale
sapphire, frost and ice
hung from their long
beards, their skin nearly
white as snow, but for a
hint of silver. They roаd
of ships of iron and
wood, with white sails
across the sea, and ores
dyed deep blue to row.
These seafaring dwarves
sailed into Kazathrim and
laid siege to it, unaware
that long ago, before
their memory, they were
once the same.

A war erupted between
the frost dwarves and
the three united clans in
Kazathrim. The Council of
Dumathoin was called, as
only the Keeper of
Secrets could know what
these creatures were; it
was believed they were
apparitions of ancient
dwarves who went to
conquer the north, but
failed. Others believed
they were kindred to the
northern orcs and frost
trolls, but their craft
was too perfect.

The oldest dwarves of
Kazathrim went, then, on
a pilgrimage as their
Rhuns had instructed, to
the west, where there
answer would be. In the
central mountains of
Britannia they found the
ruins of Baradun, and
discovered the identity of

the bluebeards; Clan Tidehammer, long since fled into the north, changed and adapted to it's surrounding, and the frost dwarves were born. They immediately returned, bearing news of their findings to the Council of Dumathoin, and Thane Brazagin of Kazathrim.

Accepting what they had found as truth, they opened parley with their savage, yet noble and strangely beautiful invaders, and showed them. The bluebeards marvelled over this, and the war died. They returned to their home, and brought more of their kind, to meet their long lost kin. The clan of the North quickly gave tithe of silver and precious ores from their mountains in a sign of piece, and were forgiven. A faction of the frost dwarves refused to toil a gift for the mountain dwarves of Kazathrim, believing their apologies enough. The two factions drift apart, and from Clan Tidehammer's warriors, Clan Bluebeard was born.

The now five clans quickly planned to venture across Britannia to find others like them; as the tomes described four more caravans of dwarven-kind. Search parties were sent out to scour the lands and find the lost Clans; of which Starbreaker and Longbeard were first. Both were eager to unite again with their brothers, being the only clans to remember the Fall of Baradun and the scattering, and sent many

of their kind to
Kazathrim. Next was
found Grimbrow and
Ironforge, who had become
on Clan, called Ironforge,
and Ironhill, who also sent
theirs to Kazathrim to
learn of all that had
happened with their
cousins.